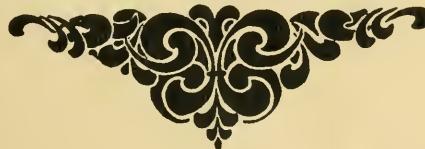


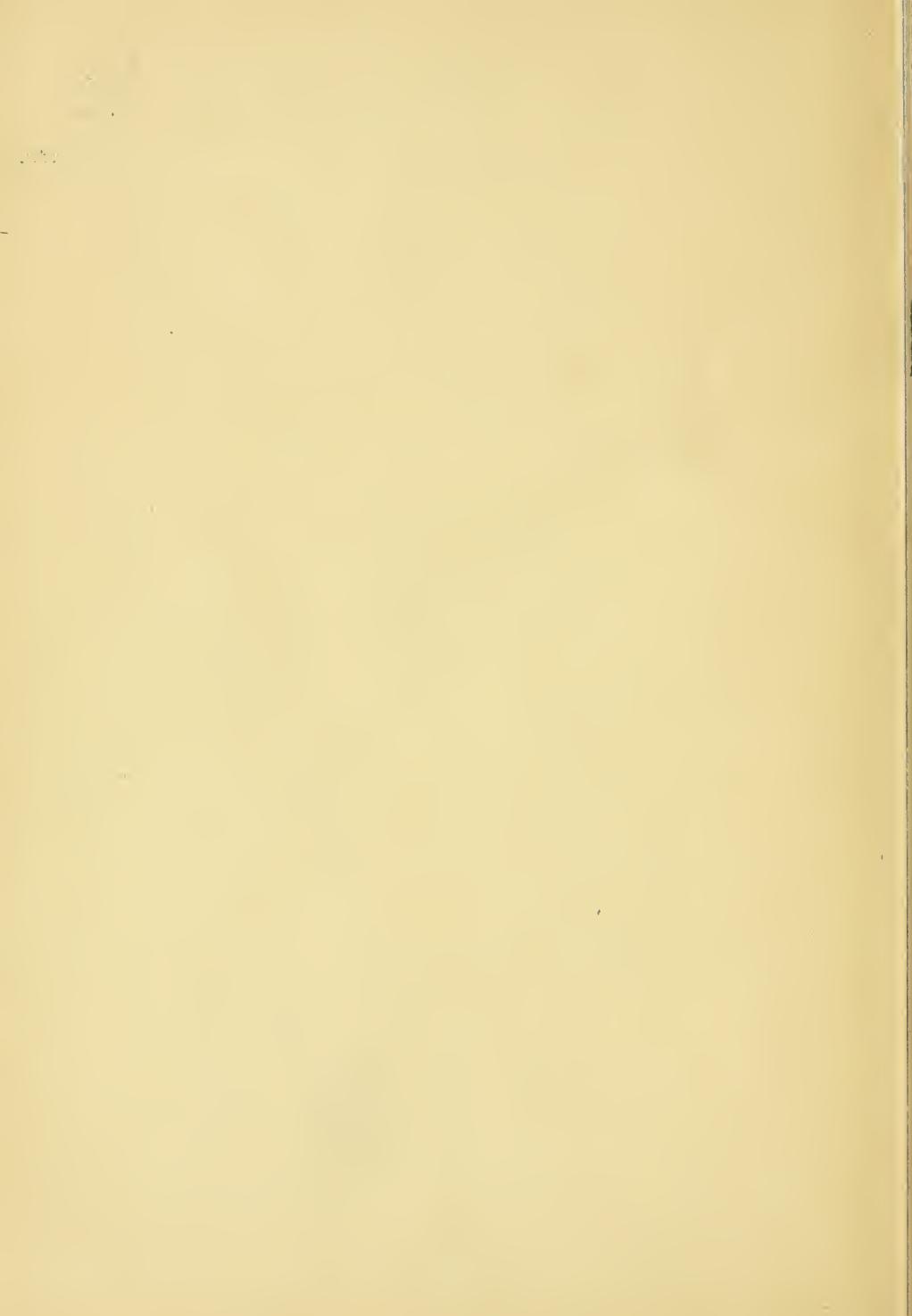
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From P.N. Spofford

Souvenir of Old Home Week



Georgetown
Massachusetts
July 25-28, 1909



SOUVENIR OF
"OLD HOME WEEK"

GEORGETOWN
MASSACHUSETTS
JULY 25-28, 1909



BOSTON, MASS.
Press of John G. Allen, 16 Beach Street
1909

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N preparing this pamphlet no attempt has been made to write a history of Georgetown, either as a town or as a parish, as such an undertaking would have been an utter impossibility owing to limitations of time and ability. Those in charge, therefore, have sought to present, in as an attractive way as possible, a brief sketch of our town, and to present a few facts regarding its beginnings, its growth, and, more especially, its attractiveness. We sincerely believe that Georgetown is one of the most attractive of the New England towns; and, while we cannot hope to ever become a great manufacturing center, we do believe that Georgetown offers exceptional advantages for those who seek for a quiet village for residences where they may be free from the annoyances of city life.

We therefore offer no apology, but hope that whoever purchases this little book may feel that they were able to procure a suitable souvenir of the town of Georgetown, Massachusetts, and of the two hundred and fortieth anniversary of the first grant of land within the present town limits.

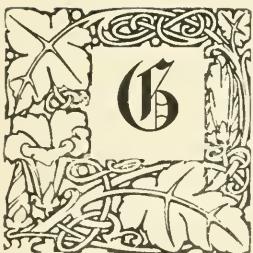


1. First Baptist Church, Georgetown
2. South Byfield Congregational Church
3. St. Mary's Catholic Church, Georgetown
6. First Congregational Church, Georgetown

4. Old South Congregational Church, torn down in 1876.
5. Orthodox Memorial Church, Georgetown

THE SPOFFORD FAMILY

THE FIRST SETTLERS OF THE TOWN



EORGETOWN became a town in 1838, being set off in that year from the township of Rowley, having up to that time been called New Rowley. As a parish, however, it is much older, dating back to 1669, 240 years ago, when John Spofford came to this section of the country and settled down, having taken a lease of the land from the town of Rowley. To write of the beginning of the town must necessarily mean that one must write of the Spofford family, as the Spoffords were the first to locate here, and their record is a most honorable one.

The family of Spoffords trace their origin to an old Saxon family, who probably came into possession of a quite extensive domain in England about A.D. 830. At the time of the Norman Conquest, in 1061, they, with most of the other Saxons, were dispossessed, and their estates were bestowed upon the Norman followers of William the Conqueror. The earliest mention of the name of Spofford, or Spofforth, as it is sometimes spelled, is found in the Doomsday Book, which is a record of all the lands in England held at the time of the Norman Conquest, and which may still be seen in the Hall of Records in London.

In Burke's "Visitation of England," vol. iii., may be found these words: "Before the partition of England among the retainers of the Duke of Normandy, the lordship or manor of Spofforth or Spofford, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, was held by a Saxon family of the same name." It is mentioned in Doomsday Book that Gamelbar de Spofford held lands there previous to the time of the survey, after which the Percys had a grant; "The family of Spofford may be authoritatively traced to within a few miles of this place, and from

the scarcity and singularity of the name there is no doubt they are the descendants of the former possessors."

The Spofford lands were bestowed upon William, Earl of Percy, and they are still owned by the Percys. The name, however, is preserved in the town of Spofforth, a village of three or four thousand inhabitants in Yorkshire, and in Spofforth castle, the ruins of which cover nearly an acre of land, and are supposed to be among the most ancient in England.

The English records make mention of a Nicholans de Spauford in 1265, and of Roger Blase de Spofford in 1313, "who obtained a pardon from Edward II. for his participation in the conspiracy of the Earls of Lancaster, Warwick, and Arundel, whereby they effected the expulsion and death of Gaviston, the King's favorite."

One of the most prominent of these early Spoffords seems to have been Thomas Spofford, who was made Abbot of St. Mary, June 8, 1405. In Allen's history of Yorkshire we read: "The Abbot of St. Mary, however, was little inferior to the Archbishop of the province, being mitred and having a seat in Parliament, which entitled him to the appellation of 'My Lord.'" Brown Willis, in his history of cathedrals, writes of Thomas Spofford thus: "While Bishop he bestowed much in building the episcopal palace, where are yet remaining the initial letters of his name in the chapel windows. We have seen allusion to him as 'the worshipful fader and lord Thomas Spofford, late Bishop of Hereford.' In Catherick church is this inscription in memory of him, he having, it is supposed, built the chancel there: '*Orate pro anima Domini Thome Spofford, Abbatis Monasterii Beate Mary, Ebor istino Eccl Rectoris ie Impropriator*' — 'Pray for the soul of my lord Thomas Spofford, Abbot of the beautiful monastery of St. Mary of York,' etc.

John Spofford was Vicar of Silkstone for many years. In the journal of the House of Lords for December 24, 1642, is

recorded the following : " It is this day ordered by the Lords and Commons that John Spofford, clerk, shall be enabled to serve the church and receive the profits of the Vicarage of Silkstone aforesaid, in the West Riding of Yorkshire."

The son of this Vicar of Silkstone, also named John Spofford, came to America in 1638 with a company of dissenters under the leadership of Rev. Ezekiel Rogers, and settled at Rowley. His name is found on the records of the division of lands into homestead lots in 1643. He had a house lot of one and a half acres on Bradford Street near the center of the present town of Rowley, and also owned lots in the "fresh meadows, the salt meadows, the village lands, the Merrimack lands, and shares in the ox pasture, the cow pasture, and the calf pasture." He lived for about thirty years in Rowley, and, in the spring of 1669, removed to the "Gravelle Plain," near the Bald Hills, now Baldgate, and thus became the first settler of the town of Georgetown. Not much is known of the life of this pioneer. That he was a man of courage and enterprise is evident from the fact that he left the comparative safety of his home in Rowley for one in the unbroken wilderness where he and his family must have been in constant danger from wild beasts and savages. Here he took the lease of a farm for twenty-one years. He was to pay as rent for the first five years "three hundred feet of white oak plank, and after that time, ten pounds each year, one-half in English corn at price current, or Indian corn, as he pleases—the other half in fat cattel or leane, at price current." Later, in 1676, this lease was assigned to his two sons, John and Samuel. John continued to live on the farm, and at his death it passed into the hands of his son, also John, who lived on the farm all his life, and died there before the expiration of the lease. When the lease expired, the descendants of John Spofford owned about one thousand acres of adjoining land on Spofford's Hill, as it was then called. After the

expiration of the lease, the farm reverted to the town, and the northern part was set off to the Second Parish, while the rest was let on seven-year leases until 1851, when it was purchased by Mr. Sewall Spofford. Upon his death it passed into the hands of his eldest son, Charles Sewall Spofford, who in turn sold it to its present owner, Mr. Samuel P. Batchelder.

Many of the later Spoffords inherited their ancestor's wander-lust, and emigrated to New Hampshire, Vermont, and the West. They can now be found in every State in the Union, and in Canada as well, and wherever they went, with but few exceptions, they lived lives of honest worth and industry, and bore their part in the civilization of the continent, while some few have risen to distinction.

George Peabody, the philanthropist of world-wide renown, was the grandson of Judith Spofford, a daughter of Col. Daniel Spofford. Paul Spofford was for more than fifty years one of the most successful merchants of New York City. The firm of which he was a member, Spofford & Tilestor, are said to have been the first to inaugurate in this country successful ocean steam navigation. Others have made sporadic attempts on our coast, but disastrous because with light boats not fit for heavy weather. It was supposed that we could not build marine engines in the United States. They showed, when they built the steamship "Southerner," and put her on the Charleston route, under Capt. Michael Berry, that American skill could build steamships equal to any in the world.

One of the most skillful physicians of this vicinity for many years was Dr. Richard S. Spofford, of Newburyport. Dr. Spofford's son, also Richard S., was a successful lawyer and legislator, having been several times elected to the Massachusetts Senate. He early exhibited marked literary tastes, and has written copiously for the journals, his most recent papers being a series of articles on the fisheries question. He married, in 1886, the well-known authoress, Harriet Prescott.



The old Spofford house on Spofford's Hill
Taken on the occasion of the great family reunion in 1885



The Spofford house
Claimed to be the oldest now standing. It was built in 1660

Another distinguished member of this famous family was Ainsworth R. Spofford, for many years librarian of Congress, and known far and wide for his wonderful memory.

While the Spoffords have been prominently connected with the life of the town, probably more so than any other one family, there are many other family names that will doubtless be familiar to many readers. In some cases the family name has become extinct, yet their descendants can be found in other parts of the country. Among the list of the earlier families of the place we find those of the Adams, the Baileys, Plummer, Chaplin, Clark, Dresser, Harriman, Dole, Fisk, Chandler, Johnson, Mighill, Nelson, Pearson, Pillsbury, Hardy, Stickney, Pingree, Tenney, Burpee, Boynton, Bradstreet, Brocklebank, Searle, Dodge, and Wallingford, and many others.

ANCIENT RESIDENCES OF THE TOWN

With the mentioning of some of these old families comes the recollection of some of the older residences. The first house, of course, to be erected in the town, was that put up and occupied by the first settler, John Spofford, it being raised the year 1660. This house was erected in the western end of the "Old Town Field," now owned by Samuel P. Batchelder. Their house was of logs, but later he built a frame house which was destroyed by fire. Another Spofford house was located a little to the east, on the slight rise of land where the sign "Spofford's Hill" now stands. Still farther east was the house known to so many as the old Spofford homestead, and which was the scene of four reunions of the Spofford family. This house was probably built in 1741, and so remained standing until recently. The site is now occupied by the residence of Samuel P. Batchelder. The house owned by Mr. Alfred Kimball was built in 1765 by Deacon Eleazar

Spofford, grandfather of Ainsworth Spofford, so many years librarian of Congress. Opposite this house was one owned by Nathaniel, son of Jonathan Spofford. On Spofford Street were the houses of Lieut. Abel and Joseph Spofford. Still farther up on Andover Street were the houses of Parker and Daniel Spofford.

On the road leading to Haverhill over Uptack Hill at the rear of Alfred Kimball's farm stands the ruins of a house built by Captain Jonathan Spofford in 1727. This house stood a little west of the house now owned by Elmer Tidd, and was the house made famous by the legend of the " Bewitched Meal Chest." The house on Andover Street owned by Allan Wilde was built by Ensign Daniel Thurston, date unknown, but it was owned and occupied as early as 1798. On the Robert G. Shaw farm were the houses owned by the brothers Silas and Moses Dole. The latter's house was standing about thirty years ago.

At the top of the hill, on Andover Street, is one of the best preserved of our old houses, and is now occupied by the Noyes family. It was formerly known as the Boynton house. It may have been built by Richard Boynton in 1732. His son Nathan was the next occupant, and it remained in possession of the Boyntons and their descendants until purchased by Samuel Noyes about twenty-five years ago. The ell of the old Pentucket house on Pentucket Square was formerly the dwelling house of John Pillsbury, and occupied the same site.

The house owned by Mrs. Melvin G. Spofford is said to be the oldest house now standing, and was formerly the property of Dudley Tyler as early as 1765, and later it became the property of Solomon Nelson, innholder, in 1773. A part of this house was built in 1670, and the present house is said to have been built in 1700. Another old house is standing in the Marlboro district, and is known as the Hazen house. This

house was erected in 1711. The Job Brocklebank house is still standing. This was owned by Ebenezer Boynton in 1726, who sold it to Jonathan Bradstreet, he in turn selling it to John Spofford, then to Joseph Nelson, Moses Hale, and John Tenney, each in turn being owners until 1799, when it came into the Brocklebank family, in whose possession it still remains. The house occupied by Rev. James Chandler, the first pastor of the church, stood on land adjoining.

The first meeting-house stood on land owned and occupied by David Brocklebank. It was built in 1729. This meeting-house was succeeded by the "Old South," which was raised July 4, 1769, and torn down in 1876. The house now known as Baldpate Inn was built by Deacon Stephen Mighill. The house and barn were raised July 4, 1733. The property remained in the Mighill family until purchased by its present owner, Paul N. Spofford, of New York City. The William Dole house, later known as the Stephen Dow house, was standing as early as 1793. The Burbank house stood on the site of Berry's block, and the town pump was in the front yard. The John Brocklebank house stood on the opposite corner of the street, afterwards the site of the Elliott house, now the property of the local Odd Fellows' lodge. This old house, the Brocklebank house, was moved to the corner of Central and Library Streets. The Old Center schoolhouse stood where the soldier's monument now stands. Another John Brocklebank house stood on the land now occupied by the house of the late Mrs. George (Boynton) Elliott. Another old house stood on the site of the Jones place, corner of Andover Street and Nelson Avenue, and was known as the Benjamin Adams house. The Benjamin Wallingford house, torn down in 1838, stood where the Pickett house now stands. The David Tenney house stood on the site now occupied by the Donoghue building and occupied by the Fish and Game Association. The old Chaplin house stood on the site of the

present residence of H. Howard Noyes. A little to the south of this, near the railroad, stands a hip-roofed house which was the home of another Chaplin family. In Bailey's lane an old cellar marks the spot where stood the Bailey house, and on the southern shore of Rock Pond, near Dodge's Brook, stood the Dodge house, where the mother of George Peabody, the noted philanthropist, was born.

On the Newburyport road, at the entrance of the street leading to Gorham D. Tenney's house, stood in former years the old Lull house, which in those early days was attacked by Indians. Near Warren Street, in South Byfield, is the old Pillsbury house with its projecting upper story. Another old house was the Tenney place on Long Hill. The Benjamin Adams house, in the south part of the town, now the home of Samuel K. Herrick, is another one of our old houses.

All that remains to mark the location of many of the old houses is a few lilac bushes, a patch of field lilies, or a few gnarled apple-trees, and in some cases an old cellar with a well near by.

In 1795 there were sixty houses in the New Rowley parish, and these were scattered about on farms of from ten to 125 acres, and all but two or three of these farmhouses and other buildings were of the common flax color, or the color of wood exposed to the weather. The two or three exceptions were painted the durable red of Spanish brown. The center schoolhouse on Central Street was painted red with white trimmings.

OLD ROADS

In 1800 the roads were in a primitive state, narrow and unwrought, but, fortunately, the art of road-making was very much improved about this time by the introduction of turnpike roads connecting the villages. The roads as first laid out had little regard for public travel. The lots of farms were

laid out in ranges, and a "proprietor's way" was laid out at the head of each row of lots, which paid but little attention to hills or valleys, and often made acute angles by passing around the corner of lots. Such an angle was made at Elliot's Corner on Pentucket Square. The Swamp or Library Road was not made until the Parish church had been used for forty years, standing on the lot east of the Humphrey Nelson house in the Marlboro district. Another right angle was made in passing the road to the Byfield mills, just below the Baptist Church parsonage, which may still be traced and may be remembered by some still living. At the west end of the Hill road it kept its course by some line of lots, beyond the house once occupied by Parker Spofford, over a rocky ledge and down Gregg Hill, and turning a right angle to the left by Half Moon Meadow, past the house of Joseph Spofford, then, by a right angle to the right, passed on by the house of Moses Spofford to Boxford and Andover.

The road over Spofford's Hill was early travelled to the old Spofford farm. It passed from Andover gate, which was near the present site of the soldier's monument, nearly as at present, to the corner of the Little pasture, near the Bridges house, then by a circuit in the pasture to the farm gate or entrance to his premises. The road up the reat hills, as they were then called, was not made until modern days. It was a new and narrow cut between two high banks, and was a little over a carriage width.

Elm Street is one of the oldest streets in the town, outside, of course, of the earlier roads through from Rowley to Bradford and Andover. Elm Street was opened to public travel somewhere about the year 1686. North Street came next, being opened in 1713, and one year later West Main, or Haverhill Street, was opened for travel. Nelson Street was opened in 1770. Central Street was not opened until some time in the early part of 1800, as in 1795 there was a fenced

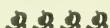


Pentucket Square
Taken from the top of an adjoining building

lane leading south from the corner, Pentucket Square, to the house of John Brocklebank. This lane was afterwards opened through to the Chaplin's at South Georgetown, making the street now called Central Street. Many of the shorter streets, such as Nelson Avenue, Pond Street, Prospect, Middle, Union, and School Streets, are comparatively recent.

The old road that connected the two ends of the parish, Marlboro and Federal City, ran along the north side of Pentucket Pond, and is easily traced at the present time.

Federal City was a little settlement in the western part of the town, and Marlboro was another settlement in the eastern section. The former received its name from the fact that the residents were Federalists who were in favor of independence and separation from the mother country. The residents of the lower section were Tories, and the hamlet received the name of Marlboro from the Duke of Marlborough, and intense rivalry existed between the people of the two settlements. Very little trace is left of Federal City, the only marks being a few cellars and the remains of apple orchards.



INDUSTRIES

AT the present time, as in years gone by, the principal industry of the town has been shoemaking, carrying with it in the early days various other branches of industry, as in the olden time each community had its own, and oftentimes several, tanneries. While the manufacture of shoes has been the principal occupation of our people, other lines of industry have been followed. The first business of which

there seems to be any record is that of the iron works, situated nearly midway between the town ponds, Pentucket and Rock, and on the brook that connects the two. Bog iron was secured from the meadows at the brook-side, and the business was followed for some years, beginning about the year 1668.

With the coming of the white men into this section of the country it was necessary to produce nearly everything that might be needed, as they were isolated from any market. The first settlers of the township of Rowley were a band of weavers from Yorkshire, England. While it is not probable that they followed their trade to any extent on their settling here, they did follow it enough to supply the family needs. They of course did considerable farming, as land could be obtained almost for the asking. In clearing the timber from the land needed for cultivation, sawmills were brought into use, and the mammoth trees were converted into usable lumber. Tanning and currying was an industry that soon sprang into prominence, and at one time it was said that thirty tanners were doing a good business. Now there are none. The manufacture of shoes was not begun to any extent until the beginning of the nineteenth century, and, from that time on, shoemaking has been the principal industry of our people. It was in Georgetown that the first pegs were made, and the first pegging machine ever used in the world was used in Georgetown. The introduction of the pegging machine revolutionized the art of making shoes, it being a much easier and quicker way from the old-styled, hand-sewed shoes.

Nearly every farmer had his little shoe-shop connected with his place, and the farmers took out their "seat of work" in the winter as regularly as they planted their crops in the spring. It was really their only method of securing ready money with which to supply their families with the necessities of life. These little shops were used evenings as loiter-

ing places where the neighbors would gather of a winter evening and talk over the happenings of the day and week.

Shipbuilding also flourished here for some time along the latter part of the eighteenth century. The industry was, however, short-lived, but a number of vessels were built here for the Chebacco fisheries, and the work was carried on in the rear of the old South Church, on Penn Brook.



HEALTHFULNESS OF THE TOWN

A GREAT deal can be said of the healthfulness of our town, and a hundred years ago Georgetown was spoken of as a place where no one died except from old age. Many years ago that terrible epidemic, typhoid fever, in its worst form, raged fearfully in this district, especially in Topsfield, East and West Boxford, and in Georgetown. In the latter place, twenty-seven cases, nineteen at one time, were reported, and yet but three of that number died, while in the surrounding towns a larger proportion fell victims to the disease, it baffling the skill of the best physicians. At the time, Dr. Kittridge, of Andover, one of the most celebrated in the county, came down to Georgetown to ascertain what remedies Drs. Mighill and Spofford were using to give them such success over those of the adjoining towns. After being told the methods adopted and remedies applied, he told them they were precisely the same as used by himself, and could not account for the success in the one case and failure in the other. Three years later, dysentery prevailed to an alarming extent with the same results, when Dr. Mighill studied into the matter somewhat, and finally came to the conclusion that



The old Town Pump



The present Town Pump

the water in Georgetown contained some medical property which that of the surrounding towns did not have. A little later, Dr. George Moody settled in our midst, and this idea being imparted to him, he undertook, in a scientific manner, to investigate. Finding proof positive, he attempted an explanation. The doctor was very peculiar — rather too much of a scientist to become a successful practitioner, although no doubt his cataplasms, febrifuges, and nauseants would have been very effective had they been given or applied in season, and to the parts affected, but upon being called to a case he wished to know what the patient and his or her family thought was the matter. After hearing their idea of the nature of the disease, he would at once give the Greek and Latin names for it, the roots from which it was derived, etc., and then go home to study up what there was for him to do about it ; and by the time he was ready to apply his remedies, the patient was either recovered or dead.

But nevertheless he was a learned man, a scientist, a geologist, and perhaps a prophet. He said the town would sometime be known as the healthiest town in the country ; that the soil, being light and sandy, was not particularly adapted to agriculture, but that, being so centrally located and thereby so well adapted to manufacturing purposes, embracing all the facilities needed therefor, it would one day be a flourishing metropolis.

With regard to the healthfulness of the town, he had noticed that always, in the spring or after heavy rains, when the water was the highest in the meadows, that upon the surface of the waters a yellow substance was always seen, which he thought at first to be pollen, but, upon skimming some of it carefully off the water, he found by analysis that the substance was pure sulphur.

The reason for the healthy state of the atmosphere was at once accounted for, and its power of resistance to diseases,

as the fog and vapor arising from the low land during the damp seasons contained no malarial poison, as is usually the case, but have in them rather a healthful element. Therefore, we would say to those that would like to crown their days with a hundred years, to take up their staff and travel on to Georgetown, and hasten the day of that flourishing metropolis.



NATURAL FEATURES OF THE TOWN

IT is with pardonable pride that we call attention to the natural features of our town, and the beauty and variety of its landscape. Nestling with quiet dignity among her foot-hills, yet boasting as her crown of glory the highest point of land in Essex County, Georgetown has been lavishly endowed with natural gifts. Chief among her physical attractions are the three beautiful lakes, which sparkle like sapphire gems in their summer setting of rich, green foliage, or glint like burnished steel through the leafless trees of autumn. But, as a prophet is without honor only in his own country, so it has been left for strangers to discover to us and for themselves what delightful sites the shores of these lakes afford for summer residences. Out-of-town parties were the first to utilize them in this way. Then our townspeople began to imitate their worthy example, until now quite a settlement has suddenly arisen on the borders of both Rock Lake and Lake Pentucket. A civil engineer, visiting our town not long since, remarked that a splendid boulevard might be constructed here by building an attractive roadway along our borders that would take in these three bodies of water. We know that neighboring towns and cities have

more than once considered the feasibility of making these lakes the source of their own water supply, deciding it would be a matter of economy in the end to carry it even a number of miles. Before that event shall come to pass, however, we trust that our own wide-awake business men will realize the rich dowry that is theirs by right of possession, and avail themselves and their fellow-citizens of the great possibilities in store for them. A fine system of water-works, together with electric lights and sewerage, would offer a three-fold attraction to outsiders to take up their residence with us. It is by these signs and by yielding to the popular demand for all modern conveniences that towns grow and prosper.

HILLS OF THE TOWN

Our hills constitute another delightful feature of our environment :

“For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
O God, our Father’s God,”

sings the poet, and though the hills of Georgetown are neither of great altitude nor of broad range, yet a sense of security and of power comes to us every time we lift up our eyes unto these sources of help and inspiration. Very beautiful are the hills of our little town, commanding views even more wonderfully beautiful. About some of them cluster memories and romances of the past that time will never dispel, and some of them have marked events of historic value. From the summit of Baldpate Hill, the highest point of land in the county, open out broad vistas of forests in every direction, whose tops seem to touch the sky. Here and there, where the thick foliage parts for a brief moment, may be seen



View of Town Hall, taken before the Soldier's Monument was put in place



The Georgetown Town Hall
As it looked at the time it was burned on Dec. 14, 1898

a tiny rill or rivulet winding its way like a thread of silver through the landscape, or leaping in foamy cascades over the rocks that would impede its pathway. On a perfectly clear day, when no haze obscures the horizon, the ocean, twelve miles away, can be plainly seen from this vantage point, with the white sails speeding to and fro across its surface, and the pounding of the surf on Plum Island beach is a familiar sound, even to the dwellers in the valley. At the time of the building of the frigate Constitution (*Old Ironsides*), famous in the war of 1812, the knees of the timber used in her construction were cut from oaks growing on Baldgate Hill, on land that afterwards belonged to Marietta Spofford, and were hauled from the top of that hill to Newburyport.

Spofford's Hill, adjacent to Baldgate (indeed, their boundaries intermingle), has been celebrated for several years as the place for the gathering of the clans named Spofford or Spofforth, coming from the east and west, and north and south. Scions of the race have even come from the old mother country to meet the tribesmen bearing the honored name.

At the summit of this hill and along its broad plateau the surrounding towns and cities spread out like a map before the eye, even unto the mountains of New Hampshire and old Agamenticus in Maine. There is a tradition that in the early colonial days George Washington rode through Georgetown, accompanied by his staff. On reaching the top of Spofford's Hill, he rose in his stirrups, and, sweeping with eagle glance the magnificent prospect before him, he exclaimed, "Truly, gentlemen, this is a goodlie country." Tradition also says that he once occupied a seat in the old original Congregational Church, of which Parson Chandler was the first pastor, and that because of this event the town received its present name of Georgetown when it separated from old Rowley. This latter tradition lacks confirmation, however.

Vineyard Hill in the south part of the town is another point of elevation abounding in local and historic interest. Years ago an immense walnut tree crowned its summit, and served as a guide to sailors along the Plum Island coast. It was destroyed a number of years ago in a severe wind storm. From this hill, also, the ocean may be seen under favorable weather conditions, although it is more than a hundred feet lower in altitude than Baldgate Hill, a mile or more distant from it.

Sunset Rock in the Marlboro district, at the extreme east end of Winter's Hill, is worthy of mention, as it commands an uninterrupted view of both the rising and setting sun, the splendors of which are as varied in detail as they are unrivalled in beauty. Only the pen of a divine artist, dipped in the crimson glories of the one and in the golden glow of the other, can fitly portray the immortal picture.

Atwood's Hill, at one time called Searle's Hill, but more familiarly known at the present day as Scribner's Hill, is in the north part of the town, and extends to the eastward, covering quite a large area. From the summit of this hill, more than from any other in the town, a fine and comprehensive view of the town itself may be obtained, and some adequate idea formed of the extent of territory Georgetown covers. The view in the summer time is superb when the foliage is at its fullest and richest growth, but it has a close rival in the winter time when the ground is covered with snow, and the ice-laden trees glisten like rarest jewels under the sun's magic touch. From this point, also, we catch many of our finest cloud effects.

The name "Redshanks" will revive many a fond memory in the hearts of our older citizens, who as boys and girls attended the old South school. Nor are they the only ones who will recall many a boyish prank and girlish nonsense indulged in while scaling the hill's steep heights, or loitering

in the shadows at its base. How it came to be called by its unique and unprepossessing name is not authenticated, but Mr. Henry Nelson has documents proving it was so called as far back as 1715. It may have taken its name from the red coloring of the rocks upon its surface, or from the profuse growth of barberries that cover its sides.

General Hazen's ancestry originated here, and the general himself was in the locality less than twenty years ago. General Hazen, it will be remembered, was at the head of the Weather Bureau department in Washington at the time of his decease. His widow afterwards became the wife of Admiral Dewey. Sewall Kent, a former citizen who lived at Redshanks, now deceased, was a soldier in the Civil War. He was at the battle of Ball's Bluff, and he used to say if one wanted a perfect reproduction of the natural features of Ball's Bluff to go and take a look at Redshanks in Georgetown.

During the gold fever in 1849, this hill and Shute's pasture were despoiled of nearly all their timber, of which there was at that time a heavy growth, to build ships to carry the "Forty-niners" to California.

GROVES AND TREES

Our groves and trees are also objects of attraction and delight to ourselves and to the stranger within our gates. Of the former, Little's Grove should be mentioned first in order, as coming first in the point of time. One of our oldest citizens, now ninety-four years of age, says as far back as he can remember, to his fourth or fifth year, Little's Grove looked the same to him then as it does now. Years ago, and for many years, it was a favorite resort for Sunday-school picnics from towns both near and remote. It was especially popular at the time the railroad was first built in the town, as it thereby



The old Railroad Station in Georgetown

The present Railroad Station in Georgetown
(Both occupied the same site)



made the grove easily accessible. Parties came from as far distant as Boston, and to our own townspeople it was a constant source of pleasure and pride.

Oak Dell, so named by the Nelson brothers on Nelson Street, whose property it is, and who first opened it up to the public in 1881, has also been the place of many a family and Sunday-school gathering in the years gone by. In point of time it is almost as ancient as Little's Grove. In the great September gale of 1815, it was practically demolished, the greater part of the stalwart, giant oaks having been entirely uprooted and levelled with the ground. The later growth was planted by Henry Nelson and his brother, and has already attained fair size, and is a very attractive grove, but the Nelsons are very insistent it should be called "Oak Dell."

York Grove, on the borders of Lake Pentucket, offers great inducements as a pleasure resort, and, at the present time, seems to be most in popular demand of any of our groves. Hardly a day in the week, during the vacation season, when it is not occupied by some organization or other, either in or out of town.

To mention the many beautiful and historic trees that are numbered among our rich and natural endowments, would require considerable space. Mention will be made, however, of a few, the most prominent among them being the famous "Name Tree" in the Hampshire district. This tree was first brought to the attention of the public in 1839, it having been discovered at that time by a party of three young men who started out for a walk one clear November day. The travellers followed the well-defined pathway leading to Federal City, and about a half-mile from that locality they came to what, in later years, has been familiarly called "The Ridge." There the travellers seated themselves upon the moss-covered ground, stretching themselves out under the stately, wide-spreading beech on which they noticed numerous carv-

ings in the bark. The inscription revealed the initials "I. B.—E. D., 1820." After much speculation as to who had carved the letters and date, it was finally concluded that they stood for Isaac Braman and Edmond Dole, two highly respected citizens of the town. Seeing the initials, the three young men carved their initials also, and nearly everybody from that day to this has followed their example on their first visit to the famous tree. Together with the two initials named above, the travellers found a couplet carved on one of the larger branches reading as follows:

"Long may this monument of fame
Stand sacred, honored with thy name."

Although this inscription was carved years and years ago, it is still readable. The letters were cut with wondrous skill, probably taking hours to complete in such a masterful fashion.

Since that time thousands of names and initials have been carved upon this tree and its companion that stands close by. One thing about the letters that have been cut on the trees is very noticeable, and that is, that letters cut lengthwise the tree or limb are much more durable than those cut around or across the grain. Letters lengthen when cut running with the grain and grow more shapely, while if cut running around the tree they grow wider and squatly, and are soon lost in the expansion of the bark.

Other trees worthy of note in our town include the large elm standing in front of the Isaac Braman house on Elm Street which is said to be of very great age. A button-wood tree on the estate of Henry Nelson, now in a fair state of preservation, was planted in 1750 by David Nelson, great-grandfather of the late Sherman Nelson. In the pasture belonging to the late Henry Perley estate are two oaks of remarkable

size and of two-hundred years' growth. In the Marlboro district, near Mr. McKinnon's place, stands an immense elm tree which tradition says was as large two hundred and fifty years ago as it is to-day. A Mr. Searle who was born in that locality, and who moved to New Hampshire just after the Revolutionary War, said one day, after he was ninety years of age, that if he should be blindfolded and led back to that tree, and be allowed to clasp his arms about its immense girth, he would be able to tell it from all other trees he had ever known.

On North Street, at the turn of the road toward Byfield Church, stands a willow tree of remarkable growth. It is ten feet in diameter, and it spreads like the banyan trees of India. Its branches drop so low to the ground that they appear to take root again.

These are but a few of the many remarkable trees in our borders that might be mentioned if time and space allowed. Sacred history tells us that when the foundations of this earth were laid the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy. Ever since that time the heart of man has rejoiced in the glories of creation. Who can tell how large a part these have taken in moulding the characters and realizing the ambitions of the hundreds of young men and young women who have gone out from us to fill positions of honor and responsibility in the great world around us? And some, not a few, have laid down upon the altar of sacrifice their young lives because of their love of home and country. All the influences of nature are inspiring. Even her unconscious efforts are upward and Godward. The tiny flowers lift up their little faces to catch the light and refreshing that come from above. The beautiful shade trees and the giant trees of the forest raise their long arms toward heaven as though in supplication for more of the strength and beauty that enable them to minister to the

needs of man. The mountain-tops thrust their snow-crowned peaks above the clouds in their eagerness to search out the invisible beyond. Our very hearts throb upward toward heaven. God be thanked for this beautiful world, and for the moral and spiritual uplift that comes to us through the voiceless teachings of nature.





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